VOL. 60.

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WOODSTOCK, VA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1880.

Love and Jealousy.

and as well liked by everybody as he woman.

She loved Will Thornley dearly, but was gone. chance hint that any woman living less absurdity.

turtled-ves, or a pair of newly-mated ready man miles from home. swans, until Rese Woodward came to When Will came home to dinner at

naturally looked forward to her coming shot had struck kim in the heart.

that a man must be both blind and a passing throb of tenderness. domb simply because he happens to be married.

er. --Christian Shirley, D. P. Zirkle, John M. and he could not have unswered other-

but, aimost before she knew it. Grace log leaves of the maples. -ti A. Brown, Harrison White, Jno. H me depet where there was none.

wholly unhappy for so doing, but jeal- it.' ousy is ever a self-mortifying and 'Oh. yes, thank you!' she replied in It is all. I ask!' hearth Perry, A. J. Myers, H. H. Cot. misery breeding tyrant, which, once a trembling voice. 'You are very 'Grace! my wife, my darling! my M. Tidler, J. H. Erger, Mark Thomas. having gotten a foothold in one's kind." is apt to make a rum of the tenderest and went on.

Capen Read.
Saumsville,
Edith
Columbia F.

It was not long President, ing, certainly, but she was a woman of smile failed; the glad look left hereyes forgotten. It was a hasty act-basty light gloves? peat it until such time as Mrs. Will Gone-Will gone? Oh, no, no! It poor, weak, human nature. wifely affection with some small share letter-only four little lines! ther In Court. - P. W. Magruder, E. E. Stick-I. line bind, E. D. Newmat. OCST COURT. - F. W. Magruder E. E. Stick-I. Tripett, Ir.

of common sense. wanted to know the meaning of it.

SCHMITT. - - Proprietor

PITTITIERY, SOAPS, BRUSHES, fallen in the hardest sort of places.' hands clasping close to her heart Will's again, even if I am silly?'

And would treasonably wish your short, last letter. self a bachelor again, rejoined Rose.

his dark gray eyes, heard Rose say, in her lowest and to off r his services. musical tones, 'wish yourself a backelor. He never seemed to sleep, and was again!' and his evasive reply, 'yes and forever putting himself in the most the King of Spain are the most unno!' but it was enough.

she was an unloved wife. Will should harmed him. copied and retained by the most denie stomach, and possess at the dical properties and efficacy in to a consider the properties and efficacy in the consideration of the considerat ever really loved her. Men were so passed away-years that had been to fickle and false hearted! She had seen Grace one agony of sorrowful regrets that was left her to do was to die as wait, and heaven only knows how pa- vicinity of Ashland, Wisconsin. They peasant girl. soon as she could, and find rest and mently and praverfully, some sign from are being worked as secretly as possiforgetfulness in the grave.

Grace went up to her room, locked herself in, and cried comfortably for a She knew that Colonel Thornley was the bloody-shirt banner, as given in his And oh, Herbert, isn't it nice? Gilbert Bros & Co.

was sarprised to find the door locked. stranger who read his name and an ac-Still more was he surprised when Grace count of his brilliant deeds in the daily in a smothered soice, denied him ad- papers. mittance, saying she had, a headache

found this side of the grave, search long Puzzled and somewhat angry withal, and far as one may, and those three Grace Thornly had been married a as he had reason to be, Will went away stirring years, active as was his life and year when the civil war begun, and to his office, feeling as if the argel hazardous his march to fame, had by

band, who was a fine-looking, tawny- after all, was but a preity, perverse, Thornley's troubled heart. whiskered young fellow of twenty-five, provoking child, whom time and ex- Grace was so young and impulsive as fond as a man could be of his wife, perience alone could ever teach to be a He should have been more patient, more forbearing, more forgiving. He An hour after her husband's depart- felt remorseful and self-condemned; Grace was nineteen a pretty, blues u.e., Grace, in a plans gray traveling but how make the matter up now?

. . . woodstock eved, yellow-haired little creature, dress, and with a thick well tied closely. Some such thoughts as these were whose only fault was a growing ten- over her tear-stained face, stealthily passing gloomily through his mind, one dency to be inordinately jealous of her left the house; and before Rose, who, evening, as he sat alone in his tent, busband, if he so much as gisneed at a from her window, saw her hurrying pandering over the subject. What a lady who, to the charms of youth, added along the road to the railway station, sail ruin the madness of an hour had could clearly divine her purpose, she made of his life! at the same time Will's smiles must all This was a nice predicament for one fame, and it was not altogether egotism. that hasn't an idea except what is re-

be for her and nobody else, and he to be placed in, truly! Miss Wood perhaps, to say it was fairly earned; flected in mc. I tell youwhat, old fellow, must think her just perfection in every- ward's indignation, for the moment, but happiness he had lost, and wife and Pin master of my own house; I come and never must be by any possible have shakes Grace well for her sense mained, and to-night, somehow, seemed Daisy never ventures on a word of re-

> Edinburg. Mt. Jackeen as her own exacting, impulsive little and that was to pack her trunks with all tall Irish orderly, entering the tent, and yourself, larking around at the clubs as possible dispatch and leave on the next saluting. very much in love with his wife, was amazement of Bliddy, who did not know oute willing to admit, and for a time what in the world to make of her sudden pose. Refer her to Major Clinton, sincerely believe, that Grace was an departure, not dreaming that her mis- testily replied the colonel. angel, and they were as bappy as two tress had also taken flight, and was al-

six o'clock, and learned the true state been her most intimate friend, and she staggered to a chair as quickly as if a

gether at Madam Delacourt's seminary.

A very great oversight on the part of mother, and he might be assured that Grace, for Miss Woodward had large neither himself nor Rese would ever be and irritable during the past three years, business. Neglect her, indeed! Why, Hawkinstown, New Market langthing eyes, glossy dark hair and troubled by seeing or even hearing had found to the work of the w could not help seeing, and, having seen, could not help admiring.

It is unreasonable for one to insist might stir his cold, forgetful heart into the lady in, then, and be seen to the lady in, then, and the lady in, the lady in lady in the la

And then, too, Rose was so tall and hat and rushed from the house. It who trembled visibly, and seemed half elegant, while Grace was such a little mattered not where he 'went, or what afraid to enter, though she had but a 'That sounds selfis ring of that metal.'

And he went away thildish, baby-faced thing.

he did now, and ere the next day's sun had set, he made one of the many had set, he made one of the many her her knees to procure the interview for court to finish his game of billiards at contented comparison. It was Grace thousands of soldiers marching bravely her. silly and assignificant, for she had heard with face turned mailurchingly toward him say that he thought Miss Wood- the for, or die miserably in some mailur? Colonel Thornley turned to Portcress is,' laughed the latter. 'Al--J. H. Grabill, Eli Coffelt, Snowden ward a remarkably nandsome woman. prison, like a cag d beast, his neart know the pleasure of his strange visitor. ways poking his nose into somebody To be sure, she had asked him the broken, and death a welcome release. The light from the single tallow can-Collet . Campbell James J. question point blank, one day, when draws, samuel Kinker.

As In hards a die, burning on the table, was so dim line year. Samuel Kinker.

As In hards a die, burning on the table, was so dim line year. Samuel Kingree, Jacob they were wa'king alone in the garden, wretchedness.

And Rose was so clever and sensible to his crimsoned-curtained couch in the as white and nerveless as a statue. heart that she was not such a bine- the old, happy days of their courting, with me? It was a very undignified thing to de, diskily down among the softly-whisper- in a second down at his feet fell the one summers.

'I happened to be passing this way, came the wild, agonized cry: She was half ashamed of herself and I thought you might like to have

It was not long before Rose guessed a moment, and with a glad 'Oh, it's is I who should crave your forgiveness! what was passing in Mrs. Thornley's from Will, and he has forgiven me! Look up, my own dear one. Do not 'Well, pet, how are you?' with a wretched." what was passing in Mrs. Thornley's from Will, and he has lorgiven me. Look up, my own dear one. Do not mind, and shapped her conduct accordingly. It was a triffe embarrass- ran her eyes over its contents. The admirable fact, and managed to adopt a and with a low, pheous cry, she fell on on your part and on mine; but we are 'O Herbert! you are not going away safe middle course, privately vowing, her knees-aye, to the very earth, and wiser now, and shall know better in the again? however, to make her visit as short as sombed out the bitter, remorseful an future how to guard against anger and 'I must, Dassy. There are a lot of sible old lady—in young married peo- sometimes mortgage a house for more

Tuornley had learned to temper her cannot be! And yet this cruel, cruel!

But the prudent middle course have chosen mine. All I desire in this is the only true, believing, lasting love. a hurry.

coldness, and as was very natural, bridegroom went to meet his bride.' | deed! And I must see you-must tell

He did not understand it at all, and but she knew only too well its mean- Not that you have suffered, for I can changing to meet Rose alone one mort . ing. She pressed it to her lips, her see that plainly enough-much too girl friends. She spent the evening all ing in the drawing room, he said:

'I fear I have in some way offended the white uttering the poor, pitful cry:

'Married!' Green turned a say be you, Miss Woodward; you seem so Oh, Will, Will, forgive me! You free that he might not see the sudden bent upon keeping me at a distance. must torgive me-you must come back blush that crimsoned it like a timid shrinking wife. Oh, what shall I 'Not at all,' she smiled. 'Pray to me, or let me go to you!'

don't think me so ungracious. It would But alas, her repentance came too really, and she forgave me. Said I was ill become me to treat the husband of late! Will was hundreds of miles away a little goose, and—and advised me to strong, resolute woman's heart within don't you see how this is embittering a boy from the country, who, having my friend and hostess with indifference; and between him and Grace's peaceful go and see you whether you liked it or her nor was she long in coming to deand if my manner so impressed you, it home cannon were thundering their not. So I came, and now I am here; cision. was unintentionally done on my part, 1 dread alarm, and war's heroic victims you don't mind, do you? And we will 'A man married is not a man han- They found her lying unconscious as we were at first.' ished forevermore from the good graces and apparently lifeless under the maof all womankind, is he? laughed Will. ples, with her still, white face all wet and as I ever hope to be hereafter.' 'If so, I take it as being very bard lines with the night-dews, and her poor coid 'And you don't care to be a bachelor

'Yes and no,' he replied, still laugh- Private Thornley soon won for him- breast, and smiled, too, though a little ing, with something of a serious look in | sell the reputation of being the most | sadly, for she had learned, through bitdesperately-daring man in the army. It ter experience, that Neither saw Grace standing pale and anything particularly dangerous was to still, in the doorway. She had only be attempted, Thornly was always sure

Will that he still cared for her, or at ble principally by Chicago parties. Having come to this wise conclusion. least remembered that she had once been his wife.

THE BEST WIFE.

kin's wife keeps all the money, draws 80." his salary for him, and makes him live in the back kitchen because the parlor Mr. Ainscourt, rising from the table is too good for the family use.'

True, he had now no small share of a little, submissive, soft voiced thing proach.'

'Then you ought to be ashamed of you do, dissipated-bachelor fashion.'

gennt. Some begging refugee, I sup-

But she's not a refugee, or anything care.' of that sort, and says she must see you. Probably you think so because she

She's kinder weakly-looking, and as is quiet and submissive; but if she was his internal decision. pale as a ghost, wid the travelin' and were to object -' trouble she's had; and, beggin' your 'Object! I'd like to hear her try it.' pardon, colonel, I'd rather go to the guard-house for a week than take your wife may be a model wife, but you cermessage to her, stoutly urged the hon- tainly are not a model husband. People are beginning to talk about the way

> 'Oh, come, Porteross, that question just shows what a regular old bachelor

you are. It won't do to make much of With the note crampled convulsively The orderly promptly obeyed, and your wife, unless you want to spoil Mr Porteress shook his head.

a log the features of one in the corrner Meanwhile Mrs. Ainscourt was sit-The setting sun was rapidly sinking such a should sinking figure stood ting alone in her deawing room, her two Ainscourt, demurely, but I coafess I in such a slouchy morning dress, so little white hands tightly locked in one can't discriminate the essential differ- there. And nose was so clever and sensing the west, when Grace walked up the 'Well, madam,' and this time another, and her fair head slightly droop ence.' keenly her own inferiority, and wished grassy path to the little white gate. Colonel Thornely's tones were not ing-a delecate little apple-blossom of from the bottom of her foonsh young where she and Will had often stood in quite so sharp, 'what is your business a woman, with blue, wistful eyes and but he did not at all relish the change to get rid of you, and smile doing it, eyed amber-haired little stupid. and watched the fading light steal Tee woman took a step forward, and grown-up child than a wife of twenty- Daisy's dream.

found herself watching mistrustfully 'A letter for you, Mrs. Thorniey,' ploring out-reacting of two thin, tremb. both friend and husband, and suspect- said Mr. Parkhurst, a near neighbor. ling hands, and then from the pale lips home. He never spends any time with a quiet evening with her; she joined Good morning. I must be getting 'Oh, Will, Will! pity me, forgive pars, so I can talk about the things he's societies for a thousand purposes, the fore noon,' and an energetic bar me, and let me die here at your feet ! Interested in, and try so hard to be en- which took her away from home cou- of the door just missed catching a foot

jealousy-the two besetting sus of fellows going to drive to trigh Bridge, ple's settling their own difficulties. and I'm one of the party. You can go "All I know is the bare fact."

And with one careless kiss pressed what's quest treated him with marked I go to meet it as joyously as ever ing of the lesson was bitter, bitter, in was gone.

Daisy Ainscourt neither went to her mother-in-law, nor sent for one of her am miserable, he sullenly answered. alone, pondering on the shadow which was fast overgrowing her life. 'What shall I do?' thought the little.

rose. 'I-I went to see her. I did do?'

'Daisy,' said her husband to her next were falling by the tens of thousands. begin all over again, and be as happy day, 'you haven't any objections to my attending the Orion Ball Masque!' 'Are masked balls nice places, Her-

> O, yes, everybody goes; only I thought I'd pay you the compliment of 'Yes and no,' he answered, smiling, asking whether you disapproved or not.' She laid her head contentedly on his 'Can I go with you?'

> > really hinted so strongly for me to take home alone. her, that I couldn't help it. 'Very well,' assented Daisy, meckly, were unhappy?'

and Herbert repeated within himself the

ring the gay period of unmasking, he saw his wife's innocent face crowning how it would be from the first, and all and wearisome waiting; for she did veloped with startling success in the the picturesque costume of a Bavarian 'Hallo!' he ejaculated, rather ungra- a hollow diversion; but I persisted in

ciously, "you here !" 'Yes,'lisped Daisy, with a girlish This is Zeb. Vance's description of smile. 'You said everybody went! Now tell me, Herbert, whether you

semewhere in Tennessee, but for the speech in the Senate on the Kellogg ex- Mr. Ainscourt said nothing more, but whole hour.

Will came whishing upstairs, and rest knew no more than the merest pulsion: 'A banner not emblagened rest knew no more than the merest pulsion: 'A banner not emblagened rest knew no more than the merest pulsion: 'A banner not emblagened rest knew no more than the merest pulsion: 'A banner not emblagened rest knew no more than the merest pulsion: 'A banner not emblagened rest colors and companion for the remainder of the with the stars and stripes, or its colors pid companion for the remainder of the

more punctual than his wife, and the solitary meal was balf over before Mrs. The best little wife in the world !' Daisy tripped in, her cashmere shawl trailing over her shoulders, and her

dimpled cheeks all pinked with the fresh 'Am I behind time! Really, I am

NO. 32.

'Why, Colonel Adair and I-the

isn't exactly the man I want you to tors, with the probable result somes drive with!' · But you go every where with him? 'Now, dear Herbert,' interposed Daisy, willfully misunderstanding him, Young lady appears at the door.

'you know I never was a bit proud, and the associates that are good enough for my husband are good enough for me. Let me give you a few more oysters. Ainscourt looked sharply at his wife.

a mere mocking undercurrent of satire in her tone? But he could not decide

so artless was her countenance.

'Daisy,' he said, carelessly, when Now, look here, Amscourt, your Barberry to come and spend the day

> engaged out to-morrow? · You! Where? 'Oh, at Delmonico's, I've joined a

there to organize.' 'The deuce take woman's rights!

ejaculated the irate husband. ·Of course I don't believe in them. but it's the fashion to belong to a club, and such a nice place to go evenings. I am dull here evenings, Herbert.'

answered resolutely: 'I beg you will give up this ridiculous idea. What do women want of the family?' clubs?

'What men do, I suppose.' 'But I dou't approve of it all."

'You belong to three clubs, Her-'That's altogether a different matter.'

But why is it different?'

anybody can see why-its self-evident.'

curley flaxen hair, looking more like a that had lately come over the spirit of It's none of your, business nor the cen-

'Oh dear !' sighed Daisy, 'It is so out driving here, there and everywhere. ding and your saucy, inprudent quesa me now a-days, and I read the newspa- not only that club, but innumerable on. I havn't done but three families all tinually. Mr. Ainscourt chafed against of her trailing dress skirts. And then her oval face brightened the new dispensation but it was useless.

trouble ?

So Daisy went home to the drawing

ing over his troubles.

on his fevered brow. 'The matter? Nothing much, only I

· But why ?' she persisted. Because you are so changed, Daisy.' · How am I changed ?"

'You are never at home; you have lost the domesticity which was, in my eyes, your greatest charm. I never have you to myself any more. Daisy

my life? 'Does it make you unhappy?' asked, softly.

'You know it does. Daisy." And do you suppose I like it, Her-'What do you mean?'

of my married life in just such a lone- been in business nearly forty years, and some way. You had no 'domesticity.' Clubs, drives, billiard playing, and champagne suppers engrossed your sibility, constant toil and worrying anxtime, Daisy. You see, Mrs. Fenchurch whole time. I, your wife pined at leties. A dozen times I have been on

· Because you have laughed at the

prean of praises he had chanted in Mr. idea, and called it a woman's whim. sides myself succeeded. The rest all Portcross' cars: 'The best little wife I resolved when we first married, to failed, one after another, some dragging fritter away neither time nor breath in their families to poverty and disgrace, idle complaints. I have not complain - Take my advice. Keep away from the when, at the selfsame Ball Ma que, du ple. If it was not a good one, whose Quiet contentment on a moderate comfault was that?' 'Not yours Dalsy; not yours.' 'I don't like this kind of life,' went

> on Daisy. 'It is a false excitementit for the same reason, I suppose, that we fallyou did-because it was the fashion.

prefer a fashionable wife or Daisy? ' Daisy -- a thousand times Daisy !' But Daisy can't get along with a theatre-going, club-living husband.

. Then she shall bave a husband who

SHENANDOAH HERALD

dvertisements will be inserted at One Dollar per quare of ten lines, or less, for the first inser ion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insert Unless the number of insertions be marked

harged accordingly. ents for three months or longe

treasure-who has tried the experience of surface life and finds it unsatisfactory. Daisy, shall we begin our matrimonial career anew?

And Daisy's whispered answer was Yes. 'But what must you have thought of

me all this time?' she asked him, after a little while.

'I know what I think now.' * And what it that?'

'I think,' said Mr. Ainscourt, with emphasis, 'that you are the best wife

Woman as a Census Taker. In many parts of the country women will be appointed as census enumera-

Neatly dressed woman of an uncer 'I dare say-but you and I are two.' tain age with a big book under her arm and pen in hand rings the door bell; Census Enumerator-'Good Morn-

thing like this:

ing. Lovely morning. I'm taking the census. You were born? Young lady-' Yes'm.' 'Your name, please? What a pretty dust-cap you have on. Can I get the

lady in the next house has. Let's see, your name? 'I haven't the pattern. Don't you

get awful tired walking round taking the census? 'Oh, yes, it's wearisome, but I pick

pudding? Where were you born?" 'In Maine. No, I haven't plum pudding to-day. I'm looking for a new recipe-

'I've got one that I took dewn from you married?

wedding, don't you? It will be a long time before you get it. You can keep your plum-pudding recipe, thank you.' 'I sh'd think 'twould be some time. Have you chil- Oh, of course, I forgot.

· If this hall-carpet don't suit you, you can get off from it and go about your

censusing.' 'Well, you're an impudent jade, anyhow. You haven't told me when

'Oh, you hateful thing. You can Herbert Ainscourt said nothing more, just go away. I'd pay ten dollars just sus' either. No, it isn't. You can She did change, somehow. She went keep your pattern and your plum-pud-

man head. These elements about us, my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptest in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all for myself before I get a home, and take no such house and furniture are tawdy ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance in the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a speenful of real hearty love than for a whole ship load of furniture, and all the gorgeousness all the upholster-

ers in the world can gather.

THE BEST BUSINESS .- The " Political Farmer" relates an instance of come into possession of a few thousand dollars visited an uncle in the city, an old merchant, to get his advice about investing his capital in business. "Go back to the country, young man," said the merchant, "and invest your money in land. Buy a farm and settle down 'I mean that I passed the first year on it and do a safe business .- I have have accumulated a fortune, but it has been done by fearful risk, heavy responthe verge of bankruptcy, and twice I · But why didn't you tell me you have been sorely tempted to take my own life. Of ten men who commenced business here when I did, only one becity and its delusive business avenue. petency in the country is the best for-

Our greatest glory consists not in

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to

around the neck be cannot strike you, says a Western paper. There is now finds his greatest happiness at his own excuse for any one being bitten by these

and did not wish to be disturbed.

livid in a pleasant cottage with her hus- was fast disappearing, and his wife. no means brought forgetfulness to Will

was ever half so lovely, good, or wise. There was but one thing for her to do. . A lady to see you, colonel.' said a

a his hand, Will Thornley seizen his soon reappeared, conducting a lady. her.'

Grace recognized the handwriting in k sees. 'Forgive you, Grace? Alass.it

That was all. No name, no date, you-

The tabled Lethe is a stream never

perilous places; but do what he would, happy of mortals. They are forced to in the world!' o!' but it was enough.

Grace was quite satisfied now that and tempt fate as he might, nothing take six footpaths a day for a week previous, and a whole army of chire- Ainscourt was not exactly pleased, ed; I have simply followed your exam. podists are let loose upon them to ex-Gold and silver mines are being de

"Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary

The wretched beggars whose feet are

washed every year on Good Friday by

of any other nation, a lion rampant or evening. a bear couchant, but a shirt dippant, He was late at dinner the next day; floppant.'

said Herbert Amscourt. 'Of course-I dare say,' responded Mr. Porteross. 'But what's your ex- wind. nct idea of the best wife in the world? Jones says he's got the best wife in the so sorry! But we have been driving in world, because she keeps his stockings the park, and-' darned, takes him to church three times of Suanday, and never lets him have husband. an idea of his own. Jenkins says he's got the same identical article, but Jen- Colonel Adair that you go out with so in the world.'

'Oh! but Daisy isn't a bit ogreish-

· I can't see anybody to-night, ser-'Ashamed ! of what ?'

.Where's the harm? My wife doesn't

'That sounds selfish. I don't like the

tertaining. It's very strange.'

over to my mother's for dinner, or send sobbed; and the love that is without for one of your friends, or something. 'Mine was the greater fault,' she 'You have chosen your way and I solved; and the love that is without There, goodbye, puss, I'm in a dure of pretending to read, but in reality brood-

'Married!' Grace turned away her

'Well-ahe'u-not very well, this

But notwithstanding all this, Mr.

but, late as he was, he found himself hearthstone-whose wife is his dearest serpents.

'We! Who are we?' growled her

' Now, look here, Dalsy?' ejaculated and pushing back his chair. 'Adair

Why, I suppose you owe duties to Was she really in earnest, or was there pattern? It's just like the one the 'I'll talk to her about it sometime,

> up a great deal of information. How nice your dinner smells cooking! Plum with you to-morrow.' 'Oh, have you? I'm sorry, for I am

> Woman's Rights Club, and we meet a lady's cook-book across the way, Are 'No. Want an invitation to the

Herbert's heart smote him, but he This hall carpet is just the pattern of Aunt Prudy's. She's had it more than twenty years. How many are there in

you were born, or what's your name, or when you expect to get married, and there's ten dollars' fine for not answer-'Hem-why? Because-of course ing census-taker's questions, and if I 'I must be very blind,' said Mrs. was you I wouldn't be seen at the door

having gotten a foothold in one's kind.'

Thoughts, hangs on like grin death, and thoughts, hangs on like grin death, and the letter.

The first is my wire, my darling! my into sudden brilliance, and the sparkles stole into her eyes; for the quick car you?' He caught her to his heart, and you?' He covered her cold, death-white face with had detected her husband's lootsteps on down upon her, an austere old lady in there never was a chair too good for a the stairs. The next moment he came black satin and a chestnut-brown wig. cobbler or a cooper or a king to sit in ; Daisy you are making my son never a house too fine to shelter a hu-'You must ask him yourself,' said value these tools for house keeping a the mother-in-law, who believed-sen- little more than they are worth, and 'What's the matter, Herbert?' said pains with the outside that the inside mouth that was lifted up to him, he him, and putting her soft, cool hands is a great thing, but beauty of garment,

tune I could wish you.

never falling, but in rising every time

It you grasp a rattlesnake firmly